THE CLAUSONS—One of The Star's Fiction Series by Leading American Authors—By Zona Gale

opening she swung herself down, land- his chair. ed softly, gave him a warm hard little fist and a thank you almost gruff, and was up the steps of her boarding house. The house itself looked as if it had measles and Clauson drove off thinking what a frightful life Miss Rickson lived. His stenographer by day and a tenant of a scarred-looking boarding house by brown, rosy business-like little brick. A woman, too. Eyes that were deep with what could be tenderness.

"None of that," said Clauson and turned into his own street. He put up his car, walked the half pearl. waited for the elevator—the thought ly nice. Jep was in ecstasies. "See which he had kept in the background darling. Oceans of pantries." She block to his apartment and while he abruptly enveloped him, seemed to rush put the thought distastefully, white at him from outside: Suppose Miss Rickson were waiting for him up in fourth-floor front. Romance of a sweetness almost forgotten might be possible with Miss Rickson.

He hurried down the tiled hall to his own door, burst in, shouted: "Hello, He was genuinely shocked at himself. He wanted to make amends by a tremendous homecoming such as he had, before now, carried off when he was too tired to mean it. "Hello, darling," she said.

He had a swift look at the picture which had greeted him so many nights. The brownish room, the heaped-up table-everything Jep did seemed to take so much cloth or wool or whatever it was-and of Jep herself in a street dress busy at lord knew what She was measuring something. She put up her face to be kissed, kissed him, smiled absently, said without look-"They sent me up some that the

moths have been in. "Oh they did, did they?" said Clau-

son grimly.

He made his preparations for dinner and as he came up the passage he sniffed distastefully at an . odor-wax. rubber, gravy-the odor of home. The familiarity of the pictures on the passage walls oppressed him-signed photographs, a pergola, El Capitan. A little gong was pecked at thrice by the maid trying simultaneously to "dish it"-in the kitchen. Jep said "Ready, darling?" and came toward him picking threads from her skirt.

They went down the passage. He slipped his arm about her. She had his hand under hers. And when they sat at table Clauson looked at her across the soup and asked:

"Did I have my arm around youpassage?"

"Why yes, didn't you?" she said. "Yes. I think you did, why?"

"Nothing." said Clauson, "I just From . time to time, at dinner, he looked at her stealthily. Fifteen years they had had together. There were no children. Suppose there should be held him. It was their glorious accustomedness. twenty-five, thirty-five years more, And they loved each other. But heavens above them both, how dull they were. "I think I'll send that moth-eaten

"Wouldn't you, dear?" "I certainly would, darling," said

stuff straight back to them said Jep.

He thought of the sacrilege of using holy words in that unthinking fashion. He thought of the absurdity of assenting like a sheep to something which he knew nothing whatever about. He thought of Miss Rickson-what if some morning she should bring in his letters and say "There, dear" • • with that good little way of dipping her head the fire and smoked and Jep read the fire and smoked and Jep

up going. They considered telephoning for somebody to come in and make up a table and gave that up too. Clauson built a fire and smoked and Jep read aloud. Then they sat talking. Once they disagreed on the ethics of a Jep had nothing to say to each other, minutes. He didn't quite like Jep when she argued-she had so gentle an exasperation. When they sat silent Clau- for a little while, Jep," he said. son thought of Miss Rickson's restful way of rejoining "Exactly" to all his He suddenly imagined her saying "Exactly, dear;" imagined her sitting here beside him; caught the zest, the laughter, the thrill which talk with her could conceivably hold. Obediently on that he halted his medita-

was responsive, she had humor, she could be amusing. But he was so used to her. Her hands, that gesture to her hair, her absent look, her little morning? I'll be down at work crooked yawns. ' Not a surprise, not | then." even a variation. She was Jep forever. At nine Clauson rose and wound the

must have it regulated.

farce! And he wished she wouldn't and as if she were about to take dicalways say "oceans." What a rotten tation; but with a faint puzzled frown go everything was. How had he got lit was a terrible room, this in which himself into this miserable little jail they were seated. The colors fairly kettles. What did any confounded thing head depended a bright oil of a dog matter? No wonder everybody was much too large for his kennel. The

He faced about and said abrutly: "I'm going out for a little while, Jep. storage, Well, where on earth are you going?" she inevitably asked.

"To take a turn around a block or two. I'm seedy. I'm seedy!" said he, and went. Ten minutes later he was back and

at the look in his face Jep said: "Why, darling! Is anything the matter?" "I wish you wouldn't call me dar-

burst out, and added: "I beg your pardon. Yes, something is the matter. I met Dibble down in the office. He gave me the tip that this building get a better deal," be brought out. is to be pulled down." "Pulled down!" she repeated, and he

herself look so surprised-Jep always which she sometimes said, "Will you did that. He had seen her do it in | spell that name for me, please." numerable times over nothing. "Yes, pulled down," he repeated

"We'll all have to get out by fall. Dibble heard it pretty straight. Says he's got his eye on a flat and sublet till his lease runs out." "Arthur," said Jep absorbedly, "do

you think we could get one of those bungalows in the new addition? If anything like so self-sufficient as she we only could-let's look tomorrow. dearest, and if we can get one, let's "But I don't want to move at all,"

said Clauson bitterly. "I like this place. I'm used to it. What right has he got

"I saw one of them last week, "Jep went on absorbedly. "Darling little cupboards and such oceans of

"I don't want to move at all," Clau-

LAUSON stepped from his this place." His eye rested on the roadster and held out his hand deep fireplace that never smoked, on to Miss Rickson. But with a the familiar brown 'tile, on hand on either side of the shelves that could be reached from

> "Well, but darling!" Jep was beginning. A thousand times had he seen her settle down with the same gentle exasperation to an argument. "I'm going to bed," said Clauson;

and went. Next day they drove out to look at the bungalows in the new addition. And what a brick she was- It had been a terrible day at the office, appointments broken, a big contract lost and Miss Rickson at home ill. When he picked up Jep waiting on a corner, Clauson was in no mood to like a house on a street of

Yes the bungalows were undeniabtiling and an outside door for the iceman above every wifely consideration. But even he was forced to admire the closet-room, the leaded windows, the compact kitchen.

"No corners though," he growled. "No corners, I don't smoke unless there's corners. I tell you Jep, I don't want to move." They went home in the rain and

all the way there Jep was absorbedly, and aloud, imagining furniture into that bungalow. Clauson sat silent, hunched at the wheel. He was thinking how frightfully used he was to Jep's enthusiasms.
"Miss Rickson," he thought, "now

she'd be so different. So still andand considerate. Thinking of a man's comfort instead of the closets." And now for the first time he let himself think of her without reproach.

While he was hanging up his coat, Jep called to him from her room: "Darling," she said, "when we came in the house just now did l kiss you?"

"Why yes, I think so," said Clauson. "Why?" "Oh, nothing. I didn't think I'd forgotten," she answered. "I never

mean to forget." Clauson thought: "Good heavens, have we come to this?" When he joined her she was bend-

ing over the living-room table, all ing to be married he inquired. heaped up again with whatever it was and she was saying absorbedly the others did. He wondered dis- then, and dipped her head. contentedly if any other woman on way Jep did.

bet you'll find moths in paradise."

new bungalow, and Clauson going in by the fire groaned. He filled his pipe and thought about the fire-place which drew so well and the old brown tile and the book shelves near enough to reach from his chair. But it wasn't these things which customedness.

"I don't want to leave this place," he insisted. "I'm used to it-I tell you. Jep, I'm so used to it that I'm

I'm rooted. I'd be miserable anywhere else. "I'm used to it, too," she admitted

"Truly, for all my talk, I'm homesick already. "Then let's cut talking about it, for now," said Clauson.

The evening passed as all evenings passed. They considered the theater and gave up going. They considered telephoning for somebody to come in and make up a table and and turning it sidewise without turn-aloud. Then, they sat talking. Once ing her eyes. They considered the theater and gave into silence. And Clauson fell to p going. They considered telephonthinking of Miss Rickson. He had they disagree heard her say incredibly little and yet he could feel the zest, the laughter, the thrill which talk with her could conceivably hold. But he and bit of gossip and had a spirited ten really, which they had not already

> He rose abruptly. "I'm going out "Where on earth are you going?" she rejoined, as always.

This time, as he went he did no reply. At a chemist's he called up the scarred boarding house and asked for Miss Ruth Rickson.

AI've something I want to talk over with you," he told her earnestly. "Are HE looked thoughtfully at Jep. Jep you well enough to have a bite of supper with me?"

"I am not, thank you," came back at him crisply. "Won't this wait till

"It will not wait," said Clauson, just as crisply. And then she said that clock and observed as usual that he the landlady sometimes let her use her own sitting-room and she would "I've heard you say that oceans of see. Ten minutes and Clauson was in times, dear," Jep remarked, also as the landlady's sitting-room and Ruth Rickson sat before him. She was in "Dear" again. What a continual her office-dress and she waited primly of a life, full of clocks and keys and locked horns. Above Miss Rickson's light swooped down from the naked gas jets. There was an odor of cold

> "I can't get you out of my mind," Clausoh began abruptly. "Look here: I want to help you.'

> "Help me?" She looked still more puzzled. Her somewhat wary presence was not as Clauson had imagined it She made it a bit difficult for him to go on. He was not very sure what she intended to say, anyhow, had not beer sure, any of the time. He had depended on inspiration and her manner was not inspiring him. "Yes. Help-help you somehow to

"Thank you. That's very nice of you. How?" inquired Miss Rickson wished irritably that she would not let rapidly. It was the exact manner in can lay it to 1 side and no hard feel-

Clauson floundered. "I-don't know," he said. "You tell me. What do youwhat do you want to do?" Miss Rickson was watching him. It

ously able to take care of herself, to make her own deals. There in the office, taking his orders in silence deferential, gentle, she had never seemed seemed now. "I want to be a stenographer," she

aid. "That's fairly plain, isn't it, by my taking trouble to learn the stuff." "Yes, of course. But haven't you any other ambition?" Haven't you ever wanted-" Clauson was feeling rather foolish, as if the only reason which he could think of off-hand for coming to see her had failed. in the law and knocked him down. A "Why," said Miss Rickson, "I supp

want to be married." man up and asked him who he was son repeated doggedly, "I'm used to Clauson was startled. "You are go-It turned out that he was Jack



"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CALL ME 'DARLING' WHEN YOU DON'T MEAN IT."

"Nobody that I'd have has ever asked me. But." said Miss Rickson gravely. that these looked just as mothy as "he may. He may!" She smiled a little

It went through the mind of Clauson was very different from the Miss Rick- he doesn't fit!" do nextff

brow writer has got their

week or in other words a record of

we heard from them.

Three and a bath-that's my measure. she wheeled toward him: And my mother will live with mewhen I get it."

Clauson arose. He looked around earth found moths in everything, the that this bookkeeper, or whatever he him a little wildly. "But couldn't you might prove, would be the one to hear live somewhere now," he wanted to "I'll bet you'll find moths in the her agree, "Exactly, dear," or would know. "Where-where such a cursed new bungalow," he told her. "I'll she agree so very much? Really, she dog wouldn't sit in front of a kennel cause he just noted the thinness of her I resolved to see if I couldn't brighten

THROUGH dinner she talked of the politely, to hear what he was going to matter with the dog?" she inquired, and pecting everybody, quite on her own in my own!" say next. And what was he going to dipped her head, and turned her face a this big town. Poor little thing, in this bit without turning her eyes, and ran fearful boarding house, just working "You-you wouldn't want to go to her hand up over her bobbed hair at ahead on the chance that some bookcollege?" he asked her, looking more the back. She was so utterly charming keeper or other would marry her out of when she was silent-and agreeing things. A lonely, sordid existence.

a date to play golf with Sarazen,

Common little thing, he now saw. He "Me? Not much. I'm no teacher born. | She was so utterly different when, now, leaned forward. "Look here, Mr. Clauson," she said

SHE was looking at him aggressively. And abruptly, perhaps it was beson in his office. She sat there waiting | She looked quite blank. "What's the pity. Poor little thing, he thought, sus-

and I have been married for fifteen briskly, "Why did you come to see me years. We have only ourselves to look after. Sitting with her tonight in our comfort and security and-and companionship, I-in fact, as I told you I couldn't get you out of my mind. up life a little for you as a sort ofer-thank offering for the brightness of

For the first time that evening, Miss Rickson relaxed. The sweetness back to her face, her head dropped, her

eyes were liquid.
"There isn't a thing you can do," she

## The Court of Monte Carlo

died recently, passed little time in his principality, which is larger than a pocket handkerchief, but smaller than a prairie farm. As to his far-famed Monte Carlo, he never set foot in the establishment, saying: "You know we nawho they seen and talked to and Peggy Hopkins called up and want- lives are not allowed to play."

what they done since the last time ed we should go for a sail but I had! The burning question now is: Will Well naturly they's a good many Hagen and Barnes. I and Hagen court in Monaco, at least for a part of an hour or two all the fashionable vided they are famous enough and couple of ones. When I got home Riviera resorts, have long been making a Monte Carlo which is not absorbed in the gaming halls. A few the young Prince of Monaco, who was court ceremonies would heighten its heir to the principality that had befashionable season very considerably.

The old prince was content with an France. The lady from the start prooccasional appearance at the Casino tested that she had been forced into opera, which is one of the good things the marriage by her mother and the that are made to excuse the stay of emperor. At last she succeeded in scrupulous Americans in Monte Car- getting her case before Pope Leo XIII, lo. It was there that Caruso, singing the only international authority recmusic lovers of the continent. One and after long judicial proceedings, bay. At that time (1902) air locomotion was brand-new and startling year by absenting himself on a deep lungs out to make you hear. Often the prince convoked learned international congresses to have their still reigning, went the Pope one betmeetings in his pleasant surround- ter and, in virtue of his own sovings, particularly at the prehistoric ereign authority, dissolved the marand oceanic museums on whose col-

hollering author, author till it become so embarrassing I had to duck. Had lunch with Beethoven and Bach boys," I said, "I am at your disposal."

pianos and a cuspidor. Aug. 11.

the senator says "Lardy tear us off some Chopin." After I had played ever since the year 900-just 1,000 hem a few pieces I drove the boys years. him beating me as I was off my "Well," he said when it was over, "I come pretty near beating you that time Lardy." "Yes you did. Willie," I told him with a smile. Went to dinner with Wm. M. Thacke ray a English author and he suggested that we should eat crow's kunckles meuniere which I hadn't never tride but it tasted O. K. and reminded a good deal like pelican's finger nails a la creole. "How do you like it Lardy," asked my host. 'All right Thack," was my smiling reply. Went home and played some Rubenstein on the black keys. Aug. 12.

This was Saturday and the banks close at noon on Saturdays so I visited them all dureing the forenoon and found everything lovely. Everywhere I went it was hello Lardy how is everything Lardy. Played 4 or 5 with .Gatti-Casagza and Gen. Pershing. . Went home to practice on my Madame Jeritska who wanted I should take her to dinner but I pretended like I was busy. Scotti and Gerry Farrar called up in the evening and wanted a game of bridge bu I and the Mrs. was invited over to Luccini's to try out their new plano. Well Lardy we will half to make it some other time," says Gerry. "You said a mouthful Gerry" was my RING W. LARDNER

HE old Prince of Monaco, who | lections he spent so much of his time pealed to fashionable society.

The dead prince's matrimonial complications did not lend themselves to habit, said he was. At which Squire a court frequented by lovers of nobility and high life. His first wife, Lady form which had been built under one Mary Douglas Hamilton, was the of the big trees in the side yard. daughter of the Scottish French duke slewed his cigar into the southwest who had married a princess of Baden. corner of his wide mouth, let his the new prince live and hold his The latter's mother was a daughter shrewd blue eyes twinkle over the of the great Napoleon's adopted child, crowd for a minute, and then profamous names broughten into these played the other two best ball and the season? The winter climate, the Stephanie de Brauharnais of the ceeded to pound on a box with a of the gift shop ladies and half a here dairys who the public is inter- added score for a \$25.00 nassua but constant building of villas and the family of the Empress Josephine's wooden pestle he'd picked up from dozen of the summer colony folks ested in reading about them, but the only beat them by about 7 pts. as opening of sumptuous hotels, with the first husband. When Napoleon III a lot of kitchen ware. litons were treated as his cousins and in 1869, the year before his downfall, he married off Lady Mary to

come a sort of key position for sea expedition. His father, who was set, are you? Then pass up the first riage six months later. The only son, who was ten years old, was declared legitimate heir to the crown and he is the new Prince Louis, who now succeeds at the age of fifty-two. The heir of Prince Louis, in turn, was doing in the evening. "Well is his daughter by a morganatic union, but legally adopted by decree They acted tickled to death and we of his father as eventual successor to spent the evening in the Lambs play- the princedom. On that occasion she ng trios. Amongst other pieces we was given one of the titles of Monaco kitchen things, when it came to distried out Bach's new sonata for 2 princes-Duchesse de Valentinois. Two years ago she was married to a French Prince Polignac, with the one had had a say. Had breakfast with Mayor Hylan explicit understanding that they and Senator Lodge. After breakfast perpetuate the family name of the Grimaldis who have reigned here

down town and, I went to the club Americans were sure to drift into and played billiards with Willie such families in these recent years. Hoppe and had a narrow escape from The prince who died, after succeeding his father in 1889, chose for a second matrimonial venture the widow of the Duke de Richelieu, who was born Alice Heine of New Orfamily. The father's banking position brought him to France, where he became a governor of the Bank of been published about the fortunes of this marriage and the Princess Alice has now reminded the press that there has not been a divorce, but simply a judicial separation since 1902. To the end the old prince flew his flag over his yacht—the Princess Alice-so well known up and down the Riviera coast of the Mediter- front.

In the Polignac family, which thus rounds of Beethoven and had lunch there is an American cousin who was Winaretta Singer and is now the widow of Prince Edmond de Poligharp and the phone rung and it was nac. The present Marquise de Polisnec is a daughter of Oscar Crosby, who was assistant secretary of the Treasury under President Wilson. The new prince's mother, Lady Mary long ago remarried in a Hungarian family whose title is also not unknown in the United States-Festetics de Tolna. The interest of prospective American countesses, bar-onesses, marquises, duchesses and

about a raise, they parted. Under her hand in friendly, though formal leave-taking. The boarding house with the measles facade he left in across at Jep and smiled. He was a high though impromptu sense of used to them as he was used to her. having played the benefactor. Clauson hadn't much humor. Not enough to his pipe suspended. He was not likely laugh at himself. With a measureless proclivity for self-justification he almost thought, now, that it was expressly in order to make this proposition that he had escaped to Miss Rickson. apartment quietly and rather as if

he thought-or hoped-that Jep might She was not asleep. She came fly-

ng to meet him, her face radiant, and he saw that something had happened. Something that she liked; hat they would like. "Oh, dearest," she cried, "what do ou think? It's all a mistake—Mr.

Dibble called up to say they aren't going to tear down the building this rear at all. And we don't have to

"Say," said Clauson. "Say!" He sat before the fire and filled his

told him. "But my, what a prince you On a spontaneous word from him reached from his chair and the old brown familiar tile were theirs for round on these things. He like them. he was used to them. . He looked That held him. He stared at her, to think things out-but gently, a certain satisfied sense of her very accustomedness assailed him. Of her familiarity as of a well loved home. He cared and she cared and they always would care. It had always

> eternity of being accustomed to each other. So accustomed that each hardly knew the other to be there at all. He had no idea how to voice what

he was feeling. So he got up and wound the clock. "It's got to be regulated, that thing," he heard himself mutter.

Jep smiled up at him lazily. "If you didn't say that every night dear," she observed, "I'd miss it."

He stood looking down at her. And then he said in a vast content: "We certainly are used to each other,

dearest-aren't we?"

## Uncle Nels as a Plunger

(Continued from Third Page.)

lot in the hip pocket of his overalls. "Guess I'll read some of these tonight. Might be from that girl of Ben's that turned him down. Bet I git a laugh out of 'em, anyway." Somehow that gave me the shivers down the back. "Let's not go in," I says to Inez. "I feel as if I was

"These auctions," says Inez, 'they're awful. I told you." But besides the neighboring farmers and their wives there were flossy looking city folks sprinkled in-some of the men in linen golf togs, one in a nifty silk suit with glasses, and most of the ladies in tween the shafts. wide black ribbon to his eyesmart sport clothes. Also there were asks Barry, staring at it. three or four parties wearing hard boiled lids, and I noticed one of them scouting around with a pocket magnifying glass. Where they from I couldn't make out, so I edged in where Squire Sweat was bossing the preparations, and asked for in-

"Them?" says he. "Dealers-Springfield, Boston, and one feller from New York." "At a farm auction," says I.

formation.

What's the idea?" "Antiques," says he. "Didn't you notice what's listed in the bill? Old mahogany, willow ware, china, pewter and such stuff. That's what they're ladies and the summer folks who've come over from Dublin and Peterboro. If I can get 'em goin' you'll Ben Tuttle turn over in his grave. But they've got to wait until I unload some of this farm junk. How and money. But all these scarcely ap- load some of this larin july to start that's coming up pretty soon, too. I

her up?" Hen, who had the letter-reading if I can." Sweat climbed on the rough plat-

you're all through visitin' and swappin' goasip about your neighbors, we'll git right down to brass tacks. Nice day, ain't it-for thin folks? But I hope you all brought thick pocket books, for we expect to show you some bargains you don't git every day. And everything you see or three generations. She and a doublehere, from this coffee grinder I'm usin' as a gavel, to the whole forty acres of the farm, includin' buildin's and contents, is goin' to be sold to the ding until she won out. highest bidders. Terms, cash; exwith Melba, was first introduced to ognized more or less by all parties, cept on the real estate, and we'll take 20 per cent down on that, the rest year the prince had Santos Dumont in 1880, it was declared null and void within thirty days. Now I'm goin' to away from me?" says Inez. "It'll make with his novel dirigible balloon for from the beginning as lacking her ask you to step right up front here, up into a swell wrap, too. You wait." a series of flying experiments over the consent. The prince, it was said, es- where you won't miss anything good, caped the legal summons for an entire and where I won't have to yell my

lot. Hen, and we'll start the matinee. While that broad face of the Squire' was kind and smiling and appeared to that his main object was to get rid of was quite vague on that point. But with low bids on worthless lots of and drop leaves he waited until every "Now here" he called out, glancing

scornfully at the piece on the platform. "They tell me this is a Pembroke table made in Salem, Mass .- by some one of the witches, I guess. I dunno whether 'tis or not. 'nd I dunno what it's wuth, neither. Mebbe some of you do. Well? Anybody want it?" \* \* \* \*

THEY did. One of the dealers, two gift shop managers and the city person in the silk suit each seemed to leans. Her father was a banker there be set on having that particular table. and her mother was of a Louisiana and while we all decided we'd hardly he'll have to sign quite a sizable take it as a gift, the bidding ran to check." over \$60, with the dealer a winner. A moment later, however, the Squire "And Barry, he's got more. But France. Much that is erroneous has was offering a rusty scythe, two worn whetstones, a collar and hames set and a wooden hay rake, all in one lump. "Yes, and here's a couple of bean flails, wearing a long cigar in one mouth genuine antiques, that I'll throw in for good measure. Who wants th' lot? things I get," says he. "Cheap, too. Come on now, let's hear from some Come! of you gentlemen farmers. Let's have

> "A quarter!" calls out some one up And the next thing I knew I saw

Uncle Nels slipping through the crowd comes into the seat of the Grimaldis, toward the auctioneer's stand. "Thirty and I don't know what else. cents!" I heard him pipe up, in that thin, high-pitched tone he gets on when he's a bit excited. "Your property, Mister!" announce

"And if you don't think

you're gettin' your money's worth you he. "That's why I had to buy the can bring it around to my place to merrow and we'll trade." Of course, we all swarmed around hay wagon. So we got room for Uncle Nels as he came lugging out his armful of prises to stow them in the car. "I thought you didn't like auctions?", I suggested.

lotta trash!" "Huh!" says he. . "Dndn't I pay a

broke the handle off from last week? And I bet I can sharpen up the scythe so he can mow the orchard with it." "Also," says I. "I suppose we might want to flail out some beans some

"Sure!" says Uncle Nels. "You can't tell when any of them things will come in handy.

With that he bores into the crowd again, a flicker of fun in his old eyes and it wasn't five minutes later that heard him bidding on a quaint-looking two-wheeled affair that I didn't ever know the name of. He got it. too, at \$1.25, and came running it out triumphant, pulling the thing from be

"In the name of Ceres, what's that?" "Hay tedder," says Uncle Nels "Ought to have one on every farm. and I got it cheap."

"The old boy has gone funny in the head," whispers Barry to me. "I think we ought to get him away from here." But about then Squire Sweat was flourishing an ancient coffee pot and asking for bids.

"Look!" says Barry. "Pewter! Say. isn't that a bully design? And only 75 cents bid so far. I'm going to have a try for that. Trilby May." \* \* \* \*

So it was Barry who pushed in next. after, same as them gift-shop to nearly \$3 he hung on and finally came back hugging it to his chest.

"Real old English pewter." says he "See the hall mark on the bottom? And see some prices brought that'll make you'd pay three times that in one of corking on that old sideboard of yours, eh? There's some blue willow ware mean to get one of those big platter

> "Really!" says I. "Looks like the bug had bitten you. too, Barry. Now I have my eye on one of those old mahogany framed mirrors, with a painted glass panel in one end. See' It's being

passed up now. But I wasn't the only one who'd noticed that mirror. Two dealers, all wanted the same thing. I stuck in "Now, good folks," saye he. "if until the bidding reached \$15 and ther I dropped out. Half an hour later though, I tried again, and this time landed one almost as good at half tha

What finally got Inez into the game was a Paisley shawl that had probably been stowed away in the attic for two chinned old lady in a limousine had quite a battle over the shawl, but Inez simply glared at her and went on bid-

"But, Inez:" I protested, "Isn't that

"Would I let that old cat get it

quite a lot to pay for an old shawl?"

So, almost before we realized it. we were all plunging wildly into the bidding. It does go to your head. you know, and I expect the squire was rather clever at letting us have a real bargain now and then, only to keep us raising each other on glow with honest good nature, the other articles. Anyway, we no longer twinkly blue eyes were searching ou! hung on the fringe of the crowd. We likely bidders and were not missing a pressed in close to the platform, and trick. At first you rather got the idea when anything we wanted was put up we went to it strong. I lost all the stuff as quickly as it was passed track of what the others were buyup to him, with little regard to its ing. I was too busy picking out what real value. In fact, he let on that he I needed for different rooms. And among the prizes I got away with I noticed that although he was satisfied were half a dozen fiddle-back chairs, a four-poster bed, a mahogany table with a lyre base, and a stunposing of a walnut table with gate legs ing old painted rocker with a tall back and a comb top. One or two items I got fairly cheap, but for the others I had to pay a reasonable price. Still, it was a thrilling game.

> not until the sale was over did I stop to take a glance at the pile of stuff which Hen had stored for me under an apple tree. COME loot" says I to Inez. "We never can get all that in the car. so I might as well hunt up Uncle

> > "I got some things, too," says Inez.

Nels and tell him to hire a truck

somewhere. Incidentally I'm afraid

and I got so stirred up over it that

here's Uncle Nels." He was coming toward us with a swagger and I noticed that he was corner. "Say, you oughta see all the

At which we followed him to the rear of the house and there he points out a heap that would almost fill a van. There were hoes and plows. and an old horse rake, and a corn cutter, and most of a double harness.

"Good night!" says I. "How are we ever going to get all that junk home? We have a lot, too, you know. But why the harness, Uncle Nels?" "Well, it goes for only \$2.75," says

horse, too; and after I get him I

might as well have the buggy and the everything. Lotta fun, these auctions. "Yes" says I. "Seems to me some one said something of the sort be-

"How foolish!" says Ines. "Buyin' fore we started. Perhaps it was

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## that my own dairy for a wk. would Brahms and Greig with me at the interesting reading even piano and him at one end of a cornet. though I don't take lunch very often "How well you play Lardy," was men like Babe Ruth, H. G. Sousa's remark, Brahms called up in Wells and Suganne Lenglen so any the evening and him and his wife

Highbrows Have Nothing

On Lardner, Diary Shows

ever pick up a Sunday paper club and exercised as I ain't been

the editor: You don't hardly Dempsey. I went over to the athletic

public is also interested in reading Hagen wasn't putting good. I had 12

about the writers themselfs pro- eagles but only managed to get a

any way the idear has been suggested | Sousa was there and we played some

now days but what some high getting none lately.

"WHEN I GOT HOME SOUSA WAS THERE AND WE PLAYED SOME BRAHMS AND GRIEG WITH ME AT THE PIANO AND HIM AT ONE END OF A CORNET."

way I am going to write down my come over and played rummy. journal for Aug. 6-13 inclusive and anybody that is bored by the same

Everybody was cooking their Sunday dinner at once and Great Neck seemed to run out of gas so we had to finish up the chicken in the coal till after 3 P. M. My sister-in-law Dorothy and husband H. Kitchell and long distants to say hello. The Mrs.

the cat. Aug. 7. Went to N. Y. city to get a hair cut went up to the man and busted him

David Wark Griffith drove up to the

nouse in his Ford so silently that he caught me setting on the porch be-fore the butler could tell him I was out. He says he was getting up a new picture based on the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and it laid between Jack Barrymore, Richard range and didn't get nothing to eat Barthelmess and I which one of us should play the lead. "It is yours if you want it," he said to me. "I am 2 babies come to pay us a visit sorry Dave," I says, "but I promised though they didn't owe us none but the little woman to not work this at least they ain't going to stay summer." "I am sorry too Lardy," long. President Harding called up he said and drove off. Took a ride on the Long Island R. R. to study talked to him as I was playing with human. nature. They was a man quarreling with the conductor and he conductor seemed to be getting the worst of it so I throwed the man and was walking along 7th, ave. and off of the train. Found out afterseen a man teasing a musk rat so I wards it was Stanislaus Zbyszko. Felt

> Aug. 10. Went to the Follies but a lot of people seen me come in and began